



C H A R I T Y:
O R, T H E
S A N C T U A R Y.



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CHARTER

STANDARD

1870

AMERICAN



NEW YORK

OFFICE

1870

C H A R I T Y:
OR, THE
S A N C T U A R Y.

A
P O E M.

Inscribed to the

Right Honourable, and Honourable the Presidents and
Governors of the LYING-IN HOSPITAL, in *Duke-
Street, Grosvenor-Square.*

Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will refresh you.

L O N D O N:

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, in *Pall-Mall.*

MDCCLIX.

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Printed for R. and J. Thomas, in Pall Mall.

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62-16

C H A R I T Y:

OR, THE

S A N C T U A R Y.

SEE, see! Humanity among us still,
 Ah, see! how lovely sweet her op'ning Door!
 How beautiful the Threshold where she treads!
 The gladsome Tidings and the Balm she brings!
 Her Eye looks Cordials, and her Hand divides them;
 And what she sows on Earth, she reaps in Heav'n.
 The Child unborn, e'er yet he sees the Sun,
 Or breathes the vital Air, is here oblig'd,
 And his first Voice is Gratitude: — Oh see!
 Did ever *Charity* with such a Smile appear?
 How sweetly does she smile! how like a Christian!
 What Dignity divine! what Meekness! — Sure
 If any Thing on Earth can open Heav'n,
 'Tis *Charity* like this: That Heav'n is here.
 How pure! with what Good-will her Bounty streams!
 As Christian Bounty should, whose great Reward
 Is but to give the Dole, for his dear Sake

B

Who

Who gave himself, and settle with his Love
Beyond the Grave. — This single *House* redeems
A People, let the Infidel look here :

Lo ! here, a Deity shines visible ;

In ev'ry Face he shines ; lo ! *JESUS* here,
In each true Servant, reigns on Earth confess'd :
This, this is his MILLENNIUM, here he reigns ;
In Hearts like these, his Throne's for ever fix'd ;
Ten Thousand Profligates are here redeem'd ;
The Angel of Revenge puts up the Sword,
By *Charity* disarm'd, when on this *House*
He looks, and sees a mightier Angel here ;
True Christian Pity on each Face impress'd,
With Force ineffable appears, and stops
The Arm of Wrath, with more appeasing Pow'r,
Than *David's* fearful Sacrifice, when from
The Threshing-floor, he saw the Minister
Vindictive, stretch abroad his flaming Brand
O'er trembling *Sion's* sad devoted Tow'rs,
Denouncing Ruin to the holy City.
Here, here the Character of *Britain* lives,
Not in loose Revel, Masquerade, and Dance.

What bashful Gratitude on yonder Brow
The burden'd Matron bears ! — See secret Joy
Now dancing at her Heart, her Babe, herself
Provided for, that else, O shocking Thought !
The sleety Hail, the howling North severe,
Or bitter Want, or sharp Temptation, that
Dreadful Neighbour to Distress, had plung'd perhaps : —
(O, snatch the horrid Image from my Soul)
That sweet preventing Hand holds out the Cup ;
The guiltless Mother and her Babe revive ;
See *Charity* divine the Cordial give,
Fill'd by herself, and by herself still giv'n
With never-ceasing Smile ; see Health, and Joy,

And

And Gratitude, and Peace, and Piety
 Serene, spring up beneath her genial Eye,
 Still flourish from her Hand, refreshing still
 With Dews of Life, these drooping Plants of Heav'n.
 Who would not starve his Luxury for this,
 And shut out Fashion with her Harlot-face?
 That glossy Bawd to pestilent Design,
 To reeking Blandishment, to midnight Riot,
 By Vanity implicit still pursu'd.
 Thy Vitals, *Charity*, are there consum'd
 In treach'rous Amity or fraudulent League,
 Where Chance sits Arbiter, and Knav'ry rules
 O'er elegant Debauch, and smooth Perdition:
 See Wisdom's Self the magic Pest obey,
 Too oft obey, and prostitute to Levity,
 And childish Toys, the hoary Attributes
 Of grey Experience, and of thinking Age;
 Turning to fatal Snares, by fell Example,
 Her Form instructive, and her moral Mien,
 Where reverend Reproof should awful check
 The fev'rish Transports of distemper'd Youth;
 And up to Folly's Eye the Mirror hold:
 Let modish Madness, in her hot Career,
 Listen to Reason at the bootless Goal,
 When panting in Pursuit of Pain, and Guilt,
 She strives and stretches after fleeting Shades,
 Light, empty Gossamores, and airy Joys:
 O, hark! it is the wailing Mother's Groan,
 The Infant's piercing Cry; 'tis Nature calls;
 'Tis human Nature in Distress; her Pangs
 Are yours, ye Sons of Fortune's kind Caprice,
 Whom Chance, or Providence hath largely bless'd:
 Your Hearts in Christian *Unison* should feel
 The sympathetic Throb, and heal its Woes;
 To such as these in ardent Crowds repair,

Here

Here mix with Angels ; Angels visit these
 On friendly Errands of supernal Grace ;
 Celestial Interviews shall here invite
 Your frequent Steps, your Hearts, your Selves,
 To mingle with the social Bands above,
 And imitate their Fashions here below.

And Ye, on Earth, whose Beauty rivals Heav'n,
 Be still more beautiful by doing Good,
 And join with Seraphs in the Work divine ;
 Bright CHARITY shall introduce you to them,
 And regulate the Modes of meek Precedence ;
 Or little Form, or Ceremony needs,
 The melting Heart alone shall dictate all :
 No Strife lives here, but who shall most relieve
 From penal Pangs, by Nature's Laws impos'd
 Upon the suffering Sex ; that Tax, which Beauty
 Has, or must, or wishes still to pay ; alas !
 A tenfold Tax, and dreadful to the Poor.
 Seraphic *Envy*, stir up ev'ry Breast ;
 Inspire with Emulation, worthy Heav'n,
 Each *British* Beauty ; set her Heart on Flame
 With holy Zeal, with Jealousy divine,
 With high Ambition, not to be out-done,
 In lifting up the feeble Knee, that falls
 Beneath the Weight of Sorrow, Sicknes, Want,
 And each hard Load which dread Affliction lays
 On suffering Nature in her last Distress.
 And ah ! what Pang can *Eve's* sad Daughters feel,
 Equal to Penury in that sharp Hour,
 When big Affliction sinks 'em to the Earth,
 Beneath that Weight a wretched Mother feels
 When Life lies gasping ? — But the Image melts me —
 O, quickly lift, support, and bid her live.
 These Doors are open to your kind Commands,
 Ye Daughters of Prosperity ; make haste

Ye Beautiful, ye Good, enlarge the Bounds,
 And people ev'ry Mansion; wider yet
 Enlarge this consecrated *Sanctuary*,
 This fervent *House*, where warm Religion glows,
 Where practis'd Zeal, where pure Devotion burns;
 Where CHARITY the Censer holds, that Life
 Of Virtue, and that Flame of Heav'n. O, see
 Her Incense borne aloft by Angels! see
 Her Sacrifice unfold the willing Doors
 On high! see God himself with her well pleas'd!
 See public Love triumphant here rejoice!
 Here private *Charity's* a public Triumph.
 What complicated Benefits flow hence!
 What rich, what national Utility!
 To clear the Current to the teeming Source,
 Where human Nature struggles into Life;
 To take away the Bars, which Want or Pain
 Have thrown a-thwart its Progress into Light;
 To lead it smiling by the Banks of Joy,
 Through vernal Breezes and the wholesome Year;
 A god-like Task, and worthy Gods to imitate.
 How ardent must the over-looking Eye
 Of skillful Care inspect th' important Minute!
 And watchful wait each pressing Call of Duty!
 O, 'tis an arduous Task indeed,—
 Where Credit, Conscience, Reputation, Fame,
 Are all at Stake; where not a single Life
 (The speculative *Leech's* utmost Care)
 But always two, and sometimes twice two Lives
 Upon the dreadful Cast depend. It is
 A shudd'ring Thought! and rashly does
 He risk his Life's Repose, who sets his Hopes
 Thereon; but true Ambition still is Virtue,
 And Virtue in the worst of Seasons will itself
 Sustain, when on itself it gratefully recoils,

With conscious Sense of honest Worth replete,
With self-approving Pride, with clear Integrity.

How many venial Murders o'er the Land
On sinless Babes and martyr'd Wives committed,
By rash unskilful Hands, are here forbid?
Behold! how learned Safety travels forth
From hence, with Rules, with rich Credentials fraught,
With practis'd Rules, with ripe experienc'd Art,
To turn the Hand of Ignorance aside,
Which robs Existence of its stinted Span,
And strangles Nature in the Porch of Life.
Here the midnight Dame is tutor'd to discharge
With conscientious Care, and skilful Hands,
Th' important Office of assisting Life,
When faint Perception just begins to live,
And half devoted, in the Grasp of Death,
Implicit lies; to snatch the Mother
From the dread Abyfs, by pow'rful Art,
And give the Infant-patriot to the World.

These are Arts, and Charities, that *Saville*
Vouchsafes to love, with *British* Virtue fir'd,
And joyful builds upon the bless'd Foundation.

Illustrious *Hertford*, more illustrious made
By bending from his high exalted Sphere,
With god-like Bounty in his Hands and Eyes,
To visit Want in her avoided Cell,
And bid desponding Merit hope to live;
To him the Wreath of rich Humanity,
And princely Worth benevolent, is due;
To him, the rescu'd Mother's Thanks, are due;
To him, the pratt'ling Infants growing Praise;
Immortal Trophies, richer far than ever
Philip's Son, or *Julius* wore. — Thee, *Spencer*,
Distinguish'd Youth, from glorious *Churchil* sprung,
To *Cæsar* equal, or to *Philip's* Son;

But

But from thy self, thy in-born Virtues grow,
 Spontaneous grow; thy matchless moral Wreaths,
 The Crown of Justice, and the Patriot's Palm,
 Transcendent Youth, are thine, proclaim'd aloud,
 A People's universal Praise, is thine:
 O born of *Justice*, and to Bounty giv'n,
 Above Partitions of obstructing Laws,
 That feeble Fence, by human Hands thrown up,
 Thy lofty Soul, disdainful soars on high,
 And from thy own replenish'd Heart benign;
 That god-like Source of Justice uncompe'd,
 The free-will Offering paid, the Spring-tide pour'd
 Above the rocky Bars, and legal Bounds,
 Which flow-creeping, narrow, selfish Souls restrain;
 With over-whelming Bounty, spreading wide
 The vast, prolific Wave, like *Nile's* rich Flood,
 That scatters Health and Plenty where it flows.
 What Joy to thy maternal Soul, a Son
 So great, so good, so much belov'd, must bring!
 Illustrious *Cowper*, courtly Dame, admir'd,
 Indulgent happy Mother? Long enjoy
 Thy Country's fav'rite Offspring, and thy own;
Britannia's Darling, and thy Bosom Bliss,
 Where Charity extends thy Heart harmonious,
 And sweet Humanity attunes the Strings
 To Christian Concord, and melodious Deeds,
 That strike with sympathetic Force the Ear
 Of Heav'n well-pleas'd; whilst raptur'd Angels join
 In ardent Unison, and Voice responsive,
 Their choral Wish, their Extasy with thine,
 And lift up Earth to Heav'n; and what is Heav'n
 Itself but Charity? That Asylum
 Of happy Souls, set free from mortal Thrall,
 Celestial Minds, that mix melodious Love
 With Sentiment of Gratitude immense,

Reciprocal

Reciprocal Delight, and pure good Will:
 O louder, sweeter, let thy Pow'r be felt,
 And strike with Harmony divine, the Heart
 Of Virtue, in the Breast humane; awake
 With thy seraphic Hand, thy pure Example,
 The Soul of *Charity*, so long immers'd
 In sensual Stytes, oppress'd by Luxury
 Prophane, by fell Corruption's fatal Load.
 O, see! a glorious Train of *British* Ardours
 Thy bright celestial Path pursue; ambitious
 To press forwards; see, with bounding Hearts elate!
 With eager stretching Hands! they panting strive
 To gain the Crown immortal! held aloft
 By CHARITY. See here, inthron'd she reigns
 Upon a Pyramid, by Angels built,
 On Faith's firm Basis built, that steadfast Rock,
 As lasting as the World; O, see the Top
 Ascends to Heav'n! there *Charity* shall bloom,
 Eternal Bloom, in God's glad Eye, when Faith
 It self is fled, and Worlds are vanish'd all;
 When all Creation, like a Dream forgot,
 Is cancell'd from the Soul, nor ev'n in Thought
 Shall live, then *Charity* shall perfect grow,
 Immortal and mature, with God himself
 Coëval; — Heav'n's eternal Year is hers.

Press on, ye Candidates, the Goal draws nigh,
 Ye Christian Candidates for Heav'n, O see
 The Wreath of Victory how green it grows!
 How glad! how pleasing to the Eye of Faith!
 How Reason rushes to the beauteous Palm,
 By Virtue goaded, and by Faith led on.
 See bloated Fashion, with a sinful Blush,
 Now stand abstracted from her self; she drops
 The painted Mask obscene, from her slack Hand,
 Nor heeds her tawdry Train; — she steals a Look

With

With less lascivious Eye, in Wonder fix'd,
And half-admiring Mien, she stands amaz'd,
Grows fonder still, and falls in Love with Virtue.

A shining Troop of Profelytes appear,
Increasing as they march in Phalanx firm,
By high Example led: Lo! *Richmond* leads
In bright attractive Virtue, meek array'd,
The rescu'd Bands along. See weeping Vanity
Her tinsell'd Trophies tear! see Luxury,
See crimson Luxury turn pale! see Fraud,
In Fashion's Mask, a guilty Felon, flink
With stealing Steps, and down-cast Looks,
From *Richmond's* awful Eye; the Arts,
The polish'd Arts, attend his fost'ring Hand,
And *Britain's* Glory draws his righteous Sword.
Him *Grafton* joins, with equal Ardor fir'd,
A like successful, and a like rever'd,
Illustrious Collegues in the Cause of Heav'n;
Inlist'd under thy uplifted Banner,
O *Charity*, that cover'st ev'ry Crime;
In them the Patriot and the Christian
Close unite, to *British* Greatness long unknown.

Has Virtue then in human Shape appear'd?
With human Voice, in all her Attributes
Divine, and pow'rful Charms appear'd?
God-like *Strange* we see, in *Britain's* Senate!
In *Britain's* Senate hear! with patriot Port
Erect, with firm, unshaken Soul admir'd,
With awful Voice, with Eloquence sincere!
Attracting, by his pow'rful Lore, to *Britain's* Cause,
Th' untainted Heart of Honour, yet unstruck
By foul Corruption's all-polluting Touch
Accurs'd: — How beautiful is public Virtue!
The Soul of *Socrates* with *Tully's* Tongue,
With *Hambden's* Courage, and with *Faulkland's* Truth.
The Orphan claims him too, he visits here

The Daughters of Distress, with melting Heart,
 And lifts the fainting Matron from the Ground.
 On yonder ardent Altar, see his Incense burn,
 With brighter Flame aspire ! and swifter mount
 To Heav'n ! — A splendid Constellation, see !
 Of *British* Beauties, in yon Firmament
 They shine ; O see ! how beautiful they shine !
 With what inviting Beams ! attracting nearer
 To themselves, by moral Ties attracting
 Their kindred Stars in sweet Vicinity,
 Still shedding Light and Life, on all beneath,
 And *Charity*, and heav'nly Influence.

To *British Dashwood* let the Strain aspire !
 His Country's Father, and the Orphan's Friend ;
 'Tis Virtue's Meed, and *Dashwood* chaims the Strain ;
 Who stands distinguish'd in the Patriot Throng.
 See round his Temples, in a living Wreath,
 The *British* Oak intwin'd ! that greener grows,
 With more exalted Bloom and Vigour blest'd,
 Than on the genial Stem : 'Tis Virtue keeps
 The *British* Wreath alive, Corruption kills it
 In the richest Soil ; but *Dashwood* is a Briton.

Fitzherbert visits oft, with careful Eye,
 With kind Compassion, and with melting Heart,
 The Dwellings of Distress, and stretches oft
 His friendly Hand to lift the feeble Knee.

Kind *Damville*, to his own good Heart a Victim,
 Would from himself conceal that *Charity*
 Unask'd, he largely gives to Worth in Want ;
 His giving Hands are of his Eyes afraid,
 Lest Vanity, in Pity's Mask, should peep
 At what his Goodness in the Shade bestows ;
 Such Charity is pious Stealth in him,
 But Meekness bids, and Heav'n has piercing Eyes.

The golden Age returns ; Corruption flies
 The Land, that Heart-corroding Pest abhor'd,

With

With all her Train accurs'd: How swift they fly
 Before the Patriot's Arm! Th' avenging Scourge,
 In *Pitt's* up-lifted Hand severe, behold!
 Lo! *Pitt* now shakes it, and the Fiends retire.

Integrity all hail! Oh, once more hail,
 Thou banish'd Friend, from *Britain* banish'd long;
 O! welcome back, thou Stranger to thy own,
 Thy native Land belov'd, return triumphant,
 And depart no more: Here reign triumphant,
 In Patriot Hearts long reign: Lo! *Pitt* invites,
 And with a *British* Soul prepares thy Throne;
 To *Pitt* an everlasting Trophy raise:
 Let Gratitude the deep Foundation lay,
 And rescu'd *Britain* build it to the Stars.
 Integrity, to thee new Altar's flame:
 In ev'ry *British* Heart thy empty Shrine
 Shall henceforth crowded be by *Britain's* Sons,
 Friends to each other, and their Country's Friends,
 The Friends of Mankind, Charity, and Heav'n:
 Thy dauntless Sons, Integrity shall bring,
 The Wreath of Victory to *Britain's* Isle
 Once more, and plant the lasting Olive here.
 Lo! Commerce, Confidence, and Concord here,
 Shall, harmonizing all, united reign;
 Once more in *Britain* shall Religion reign
 With absolute Command, and stretch her Sceptre
 Up to Heav'n: I see the white-rob'd Years arise,
 In long Succession rise; see *Time* himself
 Rejoice, in hoary Triumph led serene,
 To his last Stage, on *Nature's* utmost Verge,
 By *Charity's* meek Hand; there swallow'd up
 In vast Eternity, his Reign shall end;
 But *Charity* shall longer reign than He.
 O Queen of Virtues, eldest-born of Heav'n,
 And Heiress of Eternity, by whom
 The Worlds were made, in God's own Bosom lodg'd;

Thy

Thy plastic Influ'nce mov'd him to create
 The Universe, and out of Chaos call
 This Fabric; infinite to human Thought!
 By thy coercive Arms embrac'd, combin'd,
 Imbody'd, fix'd, and kept so strong together;
 Connubial Cause, that weds the great, the wise
 Creator to his Works, and mingles Earth
 With Heav'n: Thou Music of th' Almighty,
 Thou Life of *Nature*, and thou Breath of God!
 Nay, His Essence deep, to human Words
 Unutterable, extatic Portion
 Of Divinity, if God could be divided;
 Thou Image of the sacred THREE in ONE,
 Sweet *Hope*, and *Faith*, and thou, O *Charity*,
 Celestial Essence, are but One: Lo, *Faith*
 And *Hope*, are diff'rent Essences of Thee;
 In Thee they live, they move, and have their Being;
 Thou Tabernacle, where the Godhead dwells,
 Thou TRINITY of Virtues, working with
 Mysterious Energy, within the Heart,
 The Christian Heart, thy Temple here below.
 O, wider, warmer work, inspire, possess,
 And spread abroad the sweet Infection still,
 The kindling Zeal, the blest Contagion spread;
 Still deeper let it strike, still deeper pierce,
 Pervade, possess, assimilate the Soul:
 Let God-like *Charity* the Fashion rule,
 The living Mode, the universal Taste,
 The Fav'rite, most ador'd in *Britain's* Isle,
 By her fair Daughters, and her gen'rous Sons:
 Let *Charity* direct and govern all.
 To honest Shrines, like these, with Gifts sincere,
 With hallowed First-fruits let them come,
 And offer up the Sacrifice, unfeigned;
 Before these Altars bend with bounteous Hands
 Replete, and lift the Heart humane to Heav'n.